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The Dear Irish Maid

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THE

DEAR IRISH MAID

W. McCall, Printer, Cartwright Place, Byrom Street,
Liverpool.

On a fair summer's morning as Morpheus was parting,
The feathered race warbled their notes on each bough,
As beauteous Aurora just sprung from the ocean,
The fragrance of Flora was bestrewn on each bough,
For soft recreation I went perambulating,
Where the primrose & daisy were strewn on the plains,
The cowslips were blooming and the violets perfuming,
In an arbour sat musing a dear Irish maid.

I thought it indecent to approach the deity,
Who deemed to serenade in those vernal vallies,
I fearing the charmer she might be Diana,
And the fate of Actæon might happen unto me ;
So quickening my paces with limbs vibrating,
I thought to escape her but was led astray,
By Cupid and Venus who wantonly teased me,
To an arbour conveyed me where sat the dear maid.

I guessed her not Venus, Minerva, or Helen,
Calypso, Zecaris, or the fair Uridis,
Her dress appeared rural, as she sat there viewing.
In a meandering brook that most rapid did glide,
My spirits recruiting I approached with confusion,
I gently saluted the Seraphic fair,
She said, sir, pass by me, and dont tantalize me,
For by love I'm destined to repine in those shades.

Are you Silver Pandora, Sage Palace or Flora,
Hibernia or Scotia, or what is your name,
Or are you famed Juno or bright shining Luno,
Or are you a human of Adam's great race.
If you my dear creature have commiseration,
Be balm to my ailment and free me from care,
For you have captivated all my fond sensations,
And have made me a slave to you charming fair maid.

Then with mild condescension and smiles of each feature,
She said, sir, be seated in these lonely green bowers,
As I am no deity but a plain country maiden,
That's sallied forth early to gather some flowers,
These copious plantations and bounteous series,
Has so pre-engaged me at this hour of the day,
I roved out more carelessly led on by Dame Nature,
So excuse the freedom of a dear Irish maid.

As Sol began gleaming and we retrograded,
To jessamine mazes to a place more remote,
For to shun speculators and peregrinators,
That ofttimes comes gleanng these eglintine groves,
She's charming she's moving, she's cheerful and loving,
She's a model of beauty and blessed be the day,
I met the fair Phoenix the pride of old Erin,
And I'll call her no name but a dear Irish maid.